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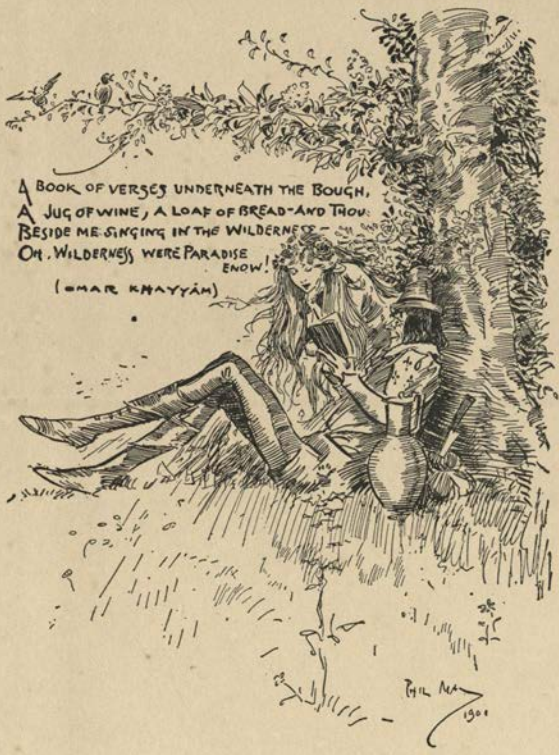
PHIL MAY FOLIO


A BOOK OF VERSES UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH,
A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD—AND THOU
BESIDE ME SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS—
OH, WILDERNESS WERE PARADISE ENOW!
(OMAR KHAYYÁM)
PHIL MAY
1901

Yours sincerely Phil May

THE

PHIL MAY FOLIO

..OF..

CARICATURE DRAWINGS AND

SKETCHES IN LINE BLOCK,

HALF-TONE AND PHOTOGRAVURE

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WITH A BIOGRAPHY.

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So take the latch key
And confiding enter.

. . . . .

All round to the sea,
So to speak from the centre
So take the latch key
And confidingly enter.

ADRIAN ROSS.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

IT has been readily admitted that a very large proportion of the late PHIL MAY's best work has appeared in the well known "Annual" which bore his name, and in which he took so much interest.

With a view to publishing in a more sumptuous, artistic and lasting form the pick of these drawings, the late Artist was commissioned a considerable time before his much to be regretted death, to select from its pages what he considered his most effective productions. The selection then made by him has been supplemented by sketches which have since appeared and by others kindly lent for the purpose of this Volume, and no pains have been spared to make the collection a representative one.

It has not been an altogether easy matter, however, owing to the diversity of the subjects treated, to bring them all together under suitable groupings, at the same time this form of arrangement appeared to the Publishers as the one most likely to give the best opportunity of judging the merits of the several styles of the Artist's work—extending as it does over a period of about eleven years.

The Publishers wish to express their sincere thanks to the many admirers of PHIL MAY who have assisted by the loan of original sketches to enhance the value of this publication. Their acknowledgements are due especially to Mr. Harold T. Hartley, for permission to reproduce for the first time the late Artist's splendid caricature of himself; to the Proprietors of "Vanity Fair" for the Cartoon by "Spy"; to Messrs. Pagani of Great Portland Street for two original and unpublished pictures; to Mr. Walter J. Payne for two characteristic sketches; and to Mr. Jack Longstaffe, the artist, for the coster girls' study, and also for much valuable assistance in the preparation of the work.

PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.

TITLE PAGE.

PREFACE.

BIOGRAPHY.

CARICATURE OF THE ARTIST BY "SPY."

CARICATURE OF THE ARTIST BY HIMSELF.

STUDY OF COSTER GIRLS DANCING.

SOCIAL CARICATURE FROM "SOCIETY."

A PANEL AT PAGANI'S.

ECCE HOMO.

IN FOR DEBT.

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PHIL MAY—A BIOGRAPHY

TO the man who has established himself by his own efforts in a position of unquestionable celebrity, the highest tribute the great mass of the public feel they can pay is to proclaim far and wide in earnest tones that "he sprang from nothing, nothing at all." In these words, or in the gentler phrase of "lowly born as he was," the antecedents of the late PHIL MAY have been referred to scores of times by writers and in conversation, not in any unkindly sense but rather with the idea of paying greater praise to the genius and pluck which raised one bred among the lower strata of life to the topmost position of Black and White Art. Unfortunately for the splendid moral this would hold out to coming generations, there is no truth whatever in it when applied to the lately deceased artist. His indomitable pluck that strove ever onwards and upwards, under the bitter circumstances that surrounded his early youth, should supply, however, all the stimulus required by future aspirants for fame to follow in his footsteps.

It is known on the best authority that PHIL MAY's paternal grandfather was Squire of Whittington, near Chesterfield, and Master of the Beagle Hounds for many years. This gentleman had the gift of drawing largely developed, and devoted some of his leisure to portraying local and village celebrities. Caricatures in ink and water-colour came alike to him, though his cardboards rarely exceeded four inches by three. It was the Squire's association with the two celebrated engineers, George Stephenson and Brunell, that decided the career of PHIL MAY's father, for Stephenson (who lived at Tapton House, close by) took him as an apprentice. And it is interesting to know that the indentures then signed by the world-famous engineer were in PHIL MAY's possession at a quite recent date—a fact he was very proud to relate. MAY Senior, having served his apprenticeship, went to London and started a brass foundry, but with little success, and the failure of this venture brought great reverses upon the family, and to a great extent accounted for the severity of PHIL's early struggles. The grandfather on the maternal side was Mr. Eugene Macarthy, a native of Dublin, of a good old Irish stock, and a graduate of the local University, who was disinherited for following his inclinations for the stage. Macarthy became manager at Drury Lane Theatre; and when Napoleon III.,

accompanied by the Empress Eugenie, came to England on a visit to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, he it was who escorted the ill-fated Royalties to their box when they attended the theatre.

Mr. Charles May, PHIL's brother, has stated recently that his mother, who is still living, was never on the stage. In her early years, however, she lived in London with her sister, who was married to Mr. Robert Honnor, better known as "Bob" Honnor, the lessee of Sadlers Wells Theatre. Mrs. Honnor was an actress of considerable repute, and took the name part in the play of "Black Eyed Susan," produced under her husband's management. She, too, impersonated the character of Oliver to her husband's Fagin in the play of Oliver Twist, also produced at Sadlers Wells about this time, Cruikshank himself arranging the tableaux representing his illustrations to Dickens' famous novel.

The facts here set down may be considered sufficient to controvert the assertion that PHIL MAY was merely a freak genius, springing from the ranks of those he delighted most frequently to portray. Brains and artistic ability of no mean order are evident on both sides of the family. MAY, himself, has spoken of his father as "singularly clever as an amateur in drawing horses, and not less fond of riding them." His sudden end was in fact due to a fall from a high-spirited horse.

PHIL MAY was born at Wortley, near Leeds, on April 22nd, 1864, and was the second son. He left school in his eleventh or twelfth year, necessity requiring that he should at this period begin the fight for livelihood. Of this time he has said: "I used to scribble or draw upon anything that I could lay my hands upon; but I went through some awful experiences in being put to work which was utterly uncongenial to me." His attempt to become a jockey was frustrated by his family—but the love of a good mount was with him to the very end of his days—and it has been said that the first money he earned in Australia was for a winning mount at a "Bush" race-meeting. Checking the time of the employés at a large ironfoundry was one of his early occupations, and it proved utterly unsuitable to his kindly nature. He "hadn't the heart" to register a man ten minutes late on arrival or five minutes early on departure, and thus cause the delinquent to be fined. The result was that the punctuality of those employés during MAY's timekeepership so appealed to the directors that a new timekeeper was appointed. Architecture had no stronger attraction for him, for, as he has said, his great aim was to go upon the stage—this taste having been

inherited from his mother's family—but, as he was soon to find out, his natural nervousness killed any chance he had of excelling in that profession. At this time he used to spend all his leisure moments behind the scenes sketching portraits of the actors, and thus learned a good deal, with the advantage of not requiring to pay for his models. The traditions inherited from his mother at length prevailing, he went to the Spa Theatre at Scarborough where he "acted" very minor parts, designed and painted costumes and posters, and received about twelve shillings a week for his all-round abilities. This and similar work at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, brought him to his fifteenth year, when restless hope and ambition turned his steps towards London. How well his comparatively limited experience of the stage served him in after life those who are at all acquainted with his work will admit. The writer has ever in his mind a large double-page coloured play included in a Christmas number of *The Bulletin* (Sydney). Speaking from memory, it was entitled "Mr. Brown's Christmas." In the foreground, outside a private residence, huddled up on the pavement, with his head on the foot-scraper lay Brown asleep. His boots, removed, stood guard by his head, while his top-hat and watch and chain decked the railing spikes. The surroundings were simply awesome in colour and hideousness. Every fearful goblin, gnome, dragon, or delirium-concocted beast, that sprang from the head of a stage property-master to terrify youthful pantomime visitors, careered around and over Brown. It was a shock even to think that any one man could have invented such a fearsome entourage, and whatever Brown had done to incur such a nightmare of dread, one but felt he deserved pity. Few who ever saw this plate are likely to forget it.

It was while at the Leeds Theatre May first became known to Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett. His stage-work, varied by an occasional sketch contributed to a local newspaper, brought him to between the age of 16 and 17, when a commission to design pantomime dresses carried him to London where he arrived with but a few shillings in his pocket. For a little time he stayed at Islington with his aunt, Mrs. Honnor. His uncle, "Bob" showed him the sights of the great city, and later took a Leeds ticket for him and saw him into the train for home. The fascination of the great city had, however, taken a complete hold upon the young and ambitious artist, and he left the train at an early stopping station to tramp back again and there encounter those bitter experiences and hardships which no one, who remembers his De Quincy, can doubt were the real causes—though admittedly indirect—of the abrupt abreviation of his brilliant career.

Designing dresses for a well-known theatrical costumier, pen and ink drawings of leading actors—Irving, Toole, Bancroft, Lionel Brough and others, and some clever poster work began to win a market for his work. Given an opening, however narrow, his indomitable pluck gave an impetus to his genius which could not be stayed. It was Lionel Brough who, having purchased a sketch of himself by MAY, gave the artist an introduction to the editor of *Society*, then a sixpenny weekly, and from that time, it may be said, "he never looked back." For *Society* he did two elaborate cartoons—one of which is reproduced in this folio—being each a medley in caricature of the celebrities of the day. It will be seen from the plate to what a pitch MAY had, even at that early date, brought the art of kindly caricature. Introduced by Mr. Russell, of the Haymarket Theatre, to *St. Stephen's Review*, then edited by Mr. Allison, MAY's work in its pages was soon recognized. His greatest hit was perhaps made with a Christmas number which had been entrusted to another artist who had failed to carry out his commission. The whole work was done in a fortnight, and was a striking example of his genius and versatility.

After about two years connection with the *Review*, ill-health intervened, and an eventful phase in his life began when a trip to Australia was recommended as a restorative. Soon after his arrival in Sydney he joined the staff of *The Bulletin;* but it is a matter of some contention who was responsible for the appointment. In a recent issue of the great Australian weekly it was stated that the late Mr. H. D. Traill, then managing-director, had engaged MAY *in* London. The writer then continues: "Traill and some others regarded the engagement as an experiment; and even after MAY had made his mark in *The Bulletin* columns there was a lingering trace of uneasiness in Traill's mind. 'Look, Mr. MAY,' said he to the artist one day, 'in his pictures, Mr. Hopkins (MAY's artist-colleague) puts a good deal more work. Can't you finish up your drawings a bit?' 'When,' said MAY, 'I can leave out half the lines I now use I'll want six times the money.'" On the other hand, PHIL MAY stated in an interview in 1898 that: "At Sydney, through the recommendation of Mr. Haddon Chambers (the popular dramatist of 'Captain Swift,' 'The Tyranny of Tears,' &c.), I obtained an appointment on the Sydney *Bulletin*. Success attended me there—in fact I had a very good time of it." If, as has been stated, he earned his first money in Australia on a bush race-course, it would point to the fact that he was not at that time attached to the paper, and that the latter statement is the true one.

The conversation said to have taken place in *The Bulletin* office between Mr. Traill and himself—if true—is a complete refutation of the theory recently put forward—that PHIL MAY was driven to use only few and bold lines in his work owing to the lack of Australian printing facilities for the reproduction of fine work.

To the stay-at-home Australian of those days the Englishman was regarded as a person of much "side"—for so his reserve and dignity were characterised. Or worse, for the "remittance man," *i.e.*, a ne'er do well from "Home" who receives a regular remittance on condition solely that he does not return to further dishonour some good old family name, was then, and is now, a very common and thoroughly insupportable type in the leading capitals of the Southern Continent. The genial, open-hearted, broad-minded MAY came to them as a revelation, and was cordially welcomed wherever he went. His splendid work and distinctive personality together impressed themselves on all sides, and, in looking back, it is hard to realise that it was not ten years but only three that he passed under the Southern Cross. They were, however, three very bright happy years to PHIL, and he never lost his love for Australia and the Australian, and on his return to London, it often-times left his generous heart and open pocket at the mercy of the specious "tale-teller" who, avowedly, "met you, Mr. MAY, in Sydney," but, if taxed, could not have said whether that town was in Tasmania or New South Wales. The money that PHIL MAY gave away in charity or "loans" will never be known even approximately, but it was rarely anyone who appealed to him, whether deserving or otherwise, went away empty handed.

Returning from the Southern Continent PHIL MAY left the steamer at Naples and went on to Rome. Study and work there greatly developed his natural talent, while later his residence in Paris brought him in touch with the leading artists of that city, and, before the year 1890 had come to an end, the art world had began to realize that a new master of black and white had come into existence.

PHIL MAY's close friend and colleague, Mr. Jack Longstaff—at present engaged in painting a portrait of His Majesty King Edward—writes, as follows, of this period of the late artist's career: "In Paris I was a frequent visitor to his house at Puteaux, where he had a fine studio and garden which he shared with Harry Thompson, a 'Gallicised' English landscape painter. Near by also resided Smedley and Reinhardt, the well-known American illustrators, and these four saw a good deal of one another. This period

was perhaps the most enjoyable, artistic, and rational part of poor PHIL's life, and I think some of his best work was done then. He particularly delighted in getting us all together in his studio, when the evening would be devoted to music, and he would afterwards insist on putting us up. In the morning the studio would look like a battlefield, and the party were not always over-boastful of their brightness of spirit. PHIL was intensely musical, and had one of the sweetest tenor voices I have ever heard. It was about this time he displayed a strong desire to become a painter. So one evening I took him to an art class to enrol him as a student, he having provided himself with a liberal amount of material in the shape of drawing-blocks, pencils, charcoals, &c. His ardour seemed to lessen very rapidly after our arrival, and after making a few drawings from the model we withdrew to a neighbouring *café* where we discussed his prospects as a painter pure and simple, and he finally left full of schemes for painting pictures. But never again did he attend the class, nor did I ever hear him make any reference to the matter. It was his first and last visit to an art school. I believe PHIL MAY could have become a good painter—but he fortunately recognized where his great strength lay, and confined himself to black and white. PHIL and I spent much time together in the streets and on the *boulevards*, and a favourite haunt was the *Café de Paris* where he found types of every nationality. After each visit his sketch-book would be filled with notes and sketches of the people he had seen.

He was *always* sketching, and was certainly one of the most consistent workers I have ever known, being oblivious of all else, and tremendously in earnest once he began a subject. As we know, on the *boulevards* and in the *cafés* one is pestered by pedlars of patent toys, photographs, &c., and it was amusing to see PHIL, who never could say 'no' to any itinerant vendors, with a pile before him of the various wares he had purchased. All these would be given to the first child he met on leaving. The drawings for 'The Parson and the Painter' were done by him during the Paris period, and appeared in weekly instalments in the *St. Stephen's Review*. It is my opinion that PHIL MAY's title to fame will rest more on his quality as an artist than as a humourist—great as he was in the latter respect."

The artist, as above mentioned, had, during his wanderings, kept up his connection with the *St. Stephen's Review*, and in 1892 he re-appeared in London, and contributed a clever but caustic series for that publication. Next the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* claimed his pencil, and it was for

the former he started on a tour round the world. Circumstances, however, intervened at Chicago and caused his return once more to the Metropolis. His reputation was by this time firmly established, but it was not until the 14th October, 1893, that one of his sketches was accepted by *Punch*. It was entitled "And *she* ought to know," and depicted an apple-woman sitting on a doorstep with a female *confrère*, both perusing a copy of *The Lady*, a weekly periodical, and bore the following dialogue: "That's supposed to be Lady Solsbury. But bless yer, it aint like her a bit in private!" It was not until about the middle of 1896, however, that the cachet of the highest approval in the English black and white world was stamped on MAY's work by his election to the staff of *Punch*, on which he remained until his death.

Next to art PHIL MAY loved riding. In fact, a light check suit, brown leggings, and a riding whip appeared to be his inseparable accessories. His favourite pony was named "Punch," and another cherished companion was an imposing-looking bulldog, which frequently figured in his pictures for *Punch*, etc. He was a great smoker, and gave most of those who met him the impression that a cigar—and a good one—never left his lips. Of what may be termed his minor abilities not a great deal is generally known, yet he was a very creditable vocalist, a *siffleur*, a song-writer, and an actor. *A propos* the latter I make no apology for quoting the following, which appeared lately among the popular "Cigarette Papers" of Mr. Joseph Hatton in the weekly paper he edits, *The People*:—"In response to a passing whiff or two over coffee and cigarette at this round table, Mr. William Mollison, the well-known actor, sends me a letter full of pleasant though somewhat pathetic reminiscences of PHIL MAY. You ask if my dear departed friend ever played in my production of *Henry V.* Here are a few particulars that may interest you: First of all, it was Pistol he was going to play, not Bardolph. When I was acting this part at the Lyceum, poor PHIL used to come very often to see me, and was so enamoured of the exquisite humour of the bragging ancient that he made me promise him the part if ever I played *Henry V.* on tour. The opportunity came, and I engaged him. He rehearsed splendidly—when he turned up. But this was so seldom that I suggested we should postpone his opening until the second week of the tour so as to give him longer for preparation. Alas, he never came the second week, and although he promised to come each week—and he meant it, poor fellow—I never saw him during the whole tour. He was an actor at one time, and could have played the Shakesperean part if he could only

have screwed himself up to the sticking point, but this he could not do. He had a fine conception of the part, a delicious sense of its humour, and an eccentric style that would have made an audience roar. Furthermore," writes Mr. Mollison, "it may not be generally known that PHIL MAY had a fine strong voice of excellent quality when reciting or rehearsing a part. And he had one of the sweetest tenor voices in the world. Those who had the privilege to attend PHIL's Sunday evenings, held at his studio, will bear me out that he sang a sentimental ballad with the tender grace and sympathetic charm of Sims Reeves at his best. He sang with great pathos and infinite sweetness. But I am digressing. He never played Pistol. The newspapers in each town all said it was an open secret that PHIL MAY was playing under the name of So-and-So. This is not altogether to be wondered at, for at the time I saw pictures of him in many of the illustrated papers in all sorts of Pistolian attitudes—'How PHIL MAY eats the leek as Pistol,' etc., etc. Did PHIL's non-appearance not cause trouble with the resident managers of the various theatres on tour? Ah! that is another story. At any rate, one could not be angry with PHIL MAY, simply because it was impossible. I do not believe the man lived who could have spoken a cross word to him, 'For e'en his failings leant to virtue's side.' Poor PHIL!"

How versatile his talents and how sympathetic his nature may be gathered from "Two Rose Songs" written by him, and set to music by Francis Böhr, and was published by Messrs. Boosey & Co.:—

THE ROSES THAT I GAVE TO YOU.

The Roses that I gave to you,
But yesterday all fresh with dew,
Lie withered now, and scentless too.
Darling, hear me, speaking sooth,
Gather flowers in your youth.
Ere they wither, as they must—
Nothing lingers here but dust;
So do not waste a single minute,
But gather all the joy that's in it.

SOUVENIR.

When I am dead, lay my head
On a pillar of roses red—
Roses red, that their scent so dear
May linger with me as a souvenir
Of my darling's love,
E'en after death.

—PHIL MAY.

To by far the larger body of Bohemians, and to those who met him on social occasions only, he was regarded as one of the most delightful of wits and jesters. He was a born *raconteur;* his own stories, and those of his friends he told with a dry humour and beaming face that had an irresistible effect upon his listeners. His *répertoire* was legion, and he seemed able to invest even a "chestnut" with a fresh charm. But punctuality was not his strong point, and at the *Punch* dinners of immortal fame he was, it was said, always half-an-hour late.

The two following anecdotes are thoroughly characteristic of the man as showing how dearly he loved a joke, and how he could rise to the occasion when called upon:—From his *Graphic* tour MAY returned to London on July 6th, 1893, the day when the Prince of Wales (then Duke of York) and Princess May were married. He found the streets resplendent with banners inscribed "Welcome to May," and, pretending to know nothing of the Royal wedding, went into the *Graphic* office and told his editor how truly handsome it was of London to greet his return so effusively. His editor, so he used to say, replied politely, "Why, you idiot, you egotistical, egregious idiot, it's nothing to do with a low artist fellow like you. It's the wedding of Princess May." The second story relates how he evened up matters with a famous cricketer:—A cricket picture by MAY in *Punch Almanack* once upset Dr. W. G. Grace's ideas of the fitness of things. Hence "W. G." telegraphed to him, "Why, oh why, does square-leg wear wicket-keeping gloves?" About midnight a telegram was sent off from Bristol with special delivery fee paid to Dr. Grace's home in the country. Between two and three o'clock, on a raw, cold morning, the great cricketer was roused from his rest by a hammering at his door, and had to turn out of bed to peruse the witty artist's explanation: "To keep his hands warm.—PHIL MAY."

Occasionally stories of MAY's doings and sayings have gone the round that were sufficiently inaccurate to reflect on the kindly and generous nature of the artist. One of these is to the effect that at the Savoy Hotel, two or three years ago, a supper party was being given in honour of the birthday of Mme. Amy Sherwin, on whose menu card PHIL made an exquisite little drawing. This was seen by a wealthy lady present who sent the waiter with a ten-pound note to the artist asking him to do a similar sketch for her. MAY was annoyed at the lady's impertinence, and taking a good look at her made an appallingly truthful caricature of her

features on the back of the bank note, which he returned. Such a revenge he was perfectly incapable of taking, more especially where a lady was concerned. He did make a drawing on the back of the note, but it was not a caricature at all—merely a little bit of scenery. And, as the note was returned, the sender must have felt she was subtly yet effectively reproved.

In his general characteristics PHIL MAY was an extraordinary instance of granite and sand. The heavy firm jaw, which gave him a pronounced resemblance in profile to the late Pope Leo XIII., and of which resemblance he was very proud, showed stubborn vitality which his iron digestion in no way discounted. His drawings all show firmness of line and decisiveness of intention, and his riding abilities would serve to show that he was not by any means deficient in nerve. Yet, although so much accustomed to being in the public eye, sought after and courted, he suffered sensibly from nervousness. To quote one who knew him long and well: "It was almost painful to watch him fighting against it, for it rendered him almost silent in the society of any but intimates and friends."

The following, taken from a very much appreciated article which appeared in *The Pilot* soon after his death, above the initials "E. H.," sums up in a few words the story of his life's tragedy and reveals the man as he was:—"Of the man himself, what little need be said can assuredly be set down in all affection and regret. Despite his brilliant endowment, had he himself (to repeat Browning's question) what's best for men? One fears, alas! that the answer must be in the negative. The story of his life is only too well known. Thrown on the world, while still a mere child, to earn his own living, how little must his backward glance have found of those gracious memories of sheltered child-hood, of disciplined boyhood, of cloistered youth, with its high imaginings, among fit comrades, that go to make up at once the treasure-house and the sanctuary of thousands who achieve no fame and die obscure. Precocious always, he had taken on himself while still a boy the responsibilities of a man. The bitter struggle of his early years was crowned with success too suddenly and too soon. He kept a certain childlike faith and innocence, an uncalculating trust and openness that were little to his profit in this world. Again and again he gave a certain version of himself to the public, till all had become familiar with his features distorted to a sardonic grin. But in private he did not grin, nor pretend to do so, and memory retains the dark penetrating eyes,

the delicate nervous hands, the graceful fragile form that phthisis had marked for her prey. He had no thought at any time of putting on the airs of ephemeral celebrity."

It is strange to learn that many years back he had an idea of entering a monastery. Mr. J. M. Bulloch, the well-known author and journalist, states that PHIL MAY actually went to the extent of consulting a priest on the matter. This would tend to show that his conversion to Roman Catholicism shortly before his death was a step he had long and fully considered. The idea of MAY as a monk would not appear in any degree probable to the majority of the general public, although the more sombre and pathetic side of his nature is constantly cropping up in his sketches; a striking instance of this being a title-page he designed in 1898 for a book of verses by Arthur Patchett Martin. The crayon sketch was entitled "The Withered Jester," and shows the well-known figure, in motley garb, seated disconsolate by a table, on which his elbow rests, his bowed head lying on his hand. On the floor lies the grinning mask, and, accompanying all, Shakespere's words, "Alas, poor Yorick! . . . Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?"

In his brief life the amount of work he accomplished was phenomenal, Few artists, indeed, whose allotted span has been double that of PHIL MAY's. can point to such an out-turn. He had, however, some curious ideas about drawing, due probably to his want of a regular art education. "I can never understand," he said to a friend one day, "how it is *everyone* can't draw. It is so simple. You only need to start with a straight line. I part my hair in the middle; so should everybody. But, in case of those who don't, just imagine it parted. Then draw a straight line from that hair-parting to the middle of the man's heels. Then you have your straight line—every thing else is a curve. It's quite simple."

From an article that recently appeared in *The Bulletin* (Sydney), written by a brother artist, the following has been culled: "He never talked art, and he cared very little for pictures—life supplying him with a superior gallery. The Academy of 1902 was the first he visited, and then he went to see his portrait, painted by Shannon—the finest thing in that year's Exhibition." "PHIL never goes to picture galleries," said Mrs. May, at one of the Sunday evenings at his studio in St. John's Wood, where 'the Australian' was always to be found; "that is if you except those in Holland, where he always has

a look round." That is easy to understand, as the Dutch have reverenced life and have rarely been troubled with the nightmares of fancy. I was happy enough to start talking of Franz Hals, the most spontaneous artist the world has seen, and PHIL went to a cabinet and took out a book of splendid reproductions, turning the pages a little lovingly. He stopped and looked for a long while at the canvas of the old Burgomasters' wives, and then, in a kind of ecstacy, he said: "Can't the beggar draw hands!" Every draughtsman will know what that means.

A long and critical article of recent date from the same Australian paper is well worth quoting from, and should prove of particular interest to artists and others with technical knowledge. The article is headed: "PHIL MAY: his Work and Methods," and begins:—"What should we think of PHIL MAY as an artist—his place in black-and-white art? Speaking as a student whose chief feeling towards him is one of gratitude, I think that he had wonderful technical skill and a power of illustrating for us certain phases of life not surpassed even by Hogarth—a power, too, of depicting various nationalities, such as places him alongside Renouard and De Neuville in that respect.

With Gibson and Partridge, and one or two other pen draughtsmen, he was at the very top of the tree; while, taking black-and-white men generally, see what brother artists say of him—men like Herkomer and Whistler and Gibson. Millais, too, in a conversation with M. H. Spielmann (*Black and White*, 17th September, 1892), must surely have been referring to PHIL MAY when he said, "I've seen a little paper called *Pick-Me-Up*, containing really wonderful work." Mr. Whistler, too, was once reported to have said: "Black-and-white art is summed up in two words—PHIL MAY."

In the catalogue to the May exhibition, 1895, this letter from Whistler was printed: "The exhibition you are going to have will certainly be most interesting, and I wish I could see it: for I take a great delight in PHIL MAY. Certainly his work interests me far more than that of any man since Charles Keene, from whom he is quite distinct. There is a brightness and daintiness in what he does, combined with knowledge. These, together with the fact that in his drawings the wit is the artist's, make a vast difference between him and his contemporaries."

About a series of drawings by Charles Keene, on exhibition in the East End of London, Herkomer, in his opening speech, was reported to have said: "In his own day Keene stood alone. He has been followed by a

great rival in his own particular line. PHIL MAY has gifts as great as those of Keene. He is the greatest living master of expression in a few lines. I don't know him—I have never met him—but I think his art is marvellous." He then goes on to refer to the drawing of Mr. Gladstone as "simply great."

In Herkomer's letter the opinion was further expressed that "although PHIL MAY has so far surprised us with his line, I feel that his whole nature leans to colour and tone, and that his full expression in colour and tone is yet to come. It should spur him on to greater efforts to know that his admirers await with keen interests this consummation of his talent. It has been suggested to me to write a letter giving some expression to the delight that I, an old 'black-and-whiteist,' find in his work. To one who has struggled for twenty-six years to express complex nature in line, such work as PHIL MAY's comes as a relief, as a thing to be thankful for. His 'line' is incomparably the most remarkable of any we have had."

To realize what water-colour painters thought of PHIL MAY we have only to remember that, on the appearance of *Guttersnipes*, they elected him R.I.

Charles Dana Gibson remarked: "If a man's bad, I can tell you why he's bad; but when he's as good as PHIL MAY, I can't tell you why he's good, because if I could, I could do just what he's doing, and I can't. All I can say is, that his work is just *sticky* with human interest, and that's all there is about it!"

The same, of course, might be said with regard to the work of Leech and Keene, and in some directions, with regard to the work of Cruikshank, 'Phiz,' Tenniel, Du Maurier, Abbey, Partridge, Gibson himself, and many others. But who shall place them in order of merit? PHIL MAY, of course, has his limitations, like every other illustrator, and we can, by comparing his work with that of others, attempt to decide what these are.

"My ordinary method," he said, "is to draw my sketch very carefully, putting in all the details, light and shade, and so on. When that is quite finished, I knock away the scaffolding, so to speak, and in my final sketch I put in nothing but what I regard as the essential lines of the picture—that is to say, the lines which in the original picture I found to be necessary. This, in a sense, doubles my work; but even then I don't suppose I should be called a slow worker."

This "leaving out" method of PHIL MAY's (this "synthetic" method) exactly illustrates Whistler's remark in *L'Envoi* (1884): "Industry in art is

a necessity, not a virtue, and any evidence of the same in the production is a blemish, not a quality; a proof not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work."

This method of "leaving out" made PHIL MAY's work appear to have been done with consummate ease. Or, as a writer in *Black and White* put it, it suggests the apotheosis of the sketch-book. . . . His line-system is so succinct and bold that it gains little by good, and loses less by bad, printing—in a word, it is the very thing for art in the newspapers. . . . Whether he intended it or not, in this he triumphed, where many, if not all others, have failed. His method reminds one of what Hamerton, in his *Graphic Arts*, said about Calderon's painting: "And now we come to the most essential principle of his practice—each part is painted solidly and at once. If the artist is not pleased with it, he removes it entirely and begins again. A head may be painted twelve times, but the eleven attempts before the final satisfactory one have been entirely scraped out, and what the public sees is always one decided piece of straightforward painting."

M. H. Spielmann persistently stated that the defectiveness of the printing machines of the Sydney *Bulletin* forced PHIL MAY's brilliant technic upon him. After stating it elaborately in *The Magazine of Art*, he has another go at the Sydney printing machines in the preparatory note he wrote to the Catalogue of PHIL MAY's Collection of Drawings exhibited at the Fine Arts Society in 1895: "To meet their inability to print fine lines and elaborate drawing, to compound, so to speak, their felonious incompetence, he insisted more and more upon pure line, and less and less upon light and shade. This is absolutely contrary to fact. PHIL MAY was just as ready to use the finest of lines—when it suited him—in 1888 as he was in 1880; more so, apparently. Drawing after drawing could be pointed to as proof. He was wonderful in suppressing all lines not absolutely necessary to his design."

What has been said here is sufficient to show in what esteem PHIL MAY's work was held by the world of art, and had he been spared for a few years longer, it is difficult to say to what perfection he might not have brought the study of black and white, of which he was already so completely a master. What rank he will take among the Immortals when Time shall have alloted him his rightful place, it is early yet to speak. It is not, however, difficult to prophecy that his fame will rather increase than diminish as his great talents and marvellous versatility are more fully recognized and appreciated.

PHIL MAY married at the age of 19, and after his return from America in 1893 he made his home in London. It was at his house in St. John's Wood that his last days were passed.

For the last few years of his life PHIL MAY's health had been failing, though his cheerful disposition never left him through his sufferings. Every attention that science and a devoted wife could ensure were bestowed upon him, but phthisis claimed the generous hand and genial heart on August 5th, 1903, at the all too early age of 39 years. He was buried in the Kensal Green Cemetery, and his body rests not far from the grave of Lionel Johnson, the poet and critic; near also to an earlier *Punch* artist, Dicky Doyle, and to Adelaide Ann Procter, the poetess.

In *The Tatler* of August 12th, 1903, appeared the following tribute in verse from the pen of Mr. J. M. Bulloch:—

IN MEMORY OF PHIL MAY

Sic transit. All, alas, too soon! . . .
The world grows staid and stern and sad;
December takes the place of June
And Duty flouts at Folly's fad.
Our later wisdom treats as mad
The joy of life that once seemed gay,
The Good has still to battle Bad—
But old Bohemia died in May.

He saw his kind by sunlit noon—
The bore, the bounder, and the cad;
The donah and her coster coon;
The guttersnipe most thinly clad.
For him their day was mostly glad,
Their life a jestful roundelay.
No more they'll dance it to his Strad.,
For old Bohemia died in May.

He'd make the roystering rigadoon
Immortal on a blotting pad—
As Mr. Punch's pantaloon—
Or on the enterprising "ad."
Come young, come old, come lass, come lad,
He always saw the sunny day,
And each man felt an undergrad—
But old Bohemia died in May.

ENVOY

Mirth wraps her in the mourner's plaid;
The curtain falls upon the play
And all the wayward world is sad,
For old Bohemia died in May.

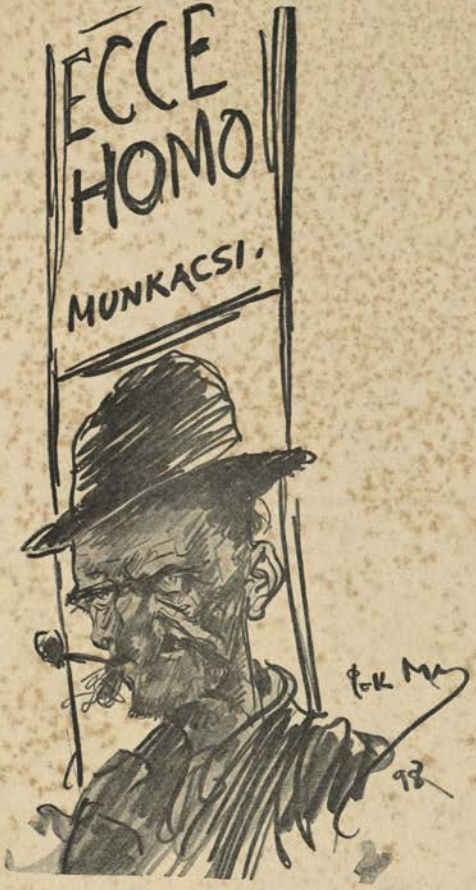
CARTOON OF PHIL MAY BY "SPY." REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF *Vanity Fair*.

REDUCED COPY OF THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING, KINDLY LOANED FROM THE ART COLLECTION OF HAROLD T. HARTLEY, ESQ., FOR WHOM IT WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED ON COMMISSION BY THE LATE PHIL MAY.

PHIL MAY'S FIRST SOCIAL CARICATURE, PUBLISHED IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF *Society*.

STUDIES FOR A COSTER GIRL DANCING, REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF MR. J. LONGSTAFF.

From a panel at Pagani's,
Great Portland Street W.



BY KIND PERMISSION OF
MESSRS. PAGANI, GREAT PORTLAND STREET,
WHO OWN THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.

PHIL MAY was in the habit of being shaved at home, and the barber's bill in time ran up to a considerable amount. As the money was not forthcoming, the barber discontinued his visits and issued a summons against him in the local County Court No doubt the summons was duly served, but, as usual, he paid no respect to it, and allowed judgment to go against him by default. The next step taken by the persistent barber was to issue a judgment summons, which met with the same fate. He did not appear, nor was he represented on the hearing. Upon the barber's evidence an order was made for payment by instalments, with the usual order for the committal to Holloway in default of payment. He still paid no attention, and in due course two bailiffs from the County Court appeared at his house to arrest him and escort him to Holloway. This took PHIL MAY by surprise, but he at once assured them that if they would go to his lawyer (who was an old friend of his) they would get paid, and he wrote the lawyer in question a letter requesting him to pay the amount.

SHAVING & HAIR CUTTING FREE.
PHIL MAY AT HOLLOWAY
(RE KIRBY)
POLICE MAGISTRATE. (TO NEW ARRIVAL) WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?
NEW ARRIVAL. "FOR NOT PAYING MY BARBERS BILL!

It was eventually arranged that one of the bailiffs should hold PHIL in custody while the other went to the lawyer. The quest proved successful, and the bailiff returned to his colleague with the amount due, and eventually the prisoner was released.

While the bailiff was absent on his mission, the situation struck PHIL MAY as intensely humorous, and the result was the accompanying drawing which he sent to his lawyer when thanking him for his prompt assistance.

KINDLY CONTRIBUTED BY MR. W. J. PAYNE.

CELEBRITIES AND PERSONAGES

GROUP I.

BY far the greater part of the famous artist's work was done in pen and ink. When, however, he dropped into crayon, he seldom failed to show the painter side of his nature. The rugged, yet cruelly speaking-portrait of the "Grand Old Man" is considered one of PHIL MAY's best efforts. It was quickly done, nevertheless the face and attitude are a perfect delineation, and we are impressed by the fewness of the lines that so effectively make up the body. Extra interest is attached to the pictures of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, and the late Prime Minister, for they represent the living and the dead as they appeared to the artist a decade ago. The doggedness of Burns' characteristic stand, the brigand-like figure of Odell, the jauntiness of Bismarck, and Twain's inseparable corn-cob pipe, all exemplify the artist's gift of hitting his subject off to the life in one salient point.

GLADSTONE

SALISBURY

CHAMBERLAIN

"CHARLIE"

JOHN BURNS

LABOUCHERE

HARCOURT

BISMARCK

THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR

VON MOLTKE

MARK TWAIN

THE SAVAGE CLUB

COSTERS AND COCKNEYS

GROUP II.

PHIL MAY revelled in the depiction of the coster class of cockney. The glamour and humour that Albert Chevalier wove about the former in song was emphasised by the artist's inimitable wit playing on the material and immaterial side of the monger's life. The faithful attitudes in "Loafing," the weird sympathy of "The Easter Monday," the refreshing jolliness of "Visiting Day on a Gunboat," not ignoring the disinterested humour in "Wot's the Row" will always have an attraction for the least technical of admirers. To the expert artist, and to the student of the types depicted in their own resorts, the simplicity of line with which their wit, gestures, and mannerisms have been so accurately registered, appeals strongly. The cockneys of lower life are simple pen and ink or crayon photographs, and with marvellous fidelity reproduce the pungent humour so characteristic of this stratum of London life.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

"Won't yer 'cept me, 'Lizer."
"No, 'Arry. Yer only a Apology of a Man."
"Won't yer 'cept a Apology, 'Lizer."

CHEVALIER.

"'Ow d'yer fancy 'awkins for your 'uvver name?"—*Chevalier.*

"She's just abart the neatest, purtiest an' sweetest Donah in the wide, wide world."—*Chevalier.*

A Hampstead Heath Idyll.
An 'Arried Waste.

'Appy 'Ampstead.
"'Ere y'are, Ladies' Tormentors. 'Two' a penny!"

"I 'ear as you don't walk hout with 'Arry Smith any more."
"No, 'e wanted me to meet 'im incandescently, and I wouldn't do such a thing, so I checked 'im."

Arrie.—"Ow-I s'y, look at 'is bloomin' 'At."

"Wot's th' row up the Court, Bill?"
"Bob Smith was kissing my missus, and 'is old woman caught 'im."

In the City.

VISITING DAY ON A GUNBOAT.

'Arry.—"Is the Captain in?"

Jack.—"Yes, he's aboard. What do *you* want him for?"

'Arry.—"Oh, never you mind; just tell 'im as one o' the Howners wants to see 'im."

ONE EASTER MONDAY.

'Arriet (watching the funeral of 'Liza).—"Nice sort of a Bank 'Oliday for 'er, poor dear."

THEOLOGY.

Salvation Army Captain.—"WHEN THE SERPENT TEMPTED EVE"——

Bill.—O, CHUCK IT! THERE WANTED NO BLOOMIN' SNAKE. HE'D ON'Y GOT TO SAY, 'HERE, MY DEAR; BE SURE AND DON'T TOUCH THEM 'ERE HAPPLES,' AND SHE'D JOLLY WELL SOON 'A CLEARED THE 'OLE TREE."

"WHAT PRICE THIS FOR MARGIT."

"The Upper Ten."

"Sweet Violets."

"Arriet."

Fat Party (after a war of words).—"If you come down our court to-morrer and bring a bit o' fat with yer, I'll bloomin' well eat yer."

"Say, Bill, wot's 'is pedigree?"
Bill.—"Why 'e's by a porter out o' a third class railway kerridge."

JILTED.

"OW I S'Y, LOOK AT 'ER FRILLS. GOT 'ERSELF HUP LIKE A BLOOMIN' 'AM BONE!"

They all love Jack.

Loafers.

Whitechapel.

Two pals outside a pub, looking at a third bargaining with a sailor for a parrot.—"WHY, 'E'S MISSUS JAWS ENOUGH. WOT D'E WANT WITH A BLOOMIN' PARROT."

"WHO WAS T'BLOKE I SEE YER SPEAKIN' TO LARST NIGHT?"
"WOT SORT O' BLOKE?"
"HE 'AD A COLLAR ON."
"O, HE WARN'T UP TO MUCH."

BROTHER BRUSHES

GROUP III.

THE following sketches in crayon, which are introduced by a pen and ink drawing of the famous R.A., Sir John Everett Millais, represent in nearly every case a one-time artist-familiar of PHIL MAY's. The names of some of them are not necessarily as yet, in the ears of the public "household words." But to their portrayer they were, each and all, either "coming" or "arrived" men, and in addition, before everything, good fellows. Several of them were *confrères* of MAY's Paris days when the majority of his leisure hours were spent in their society. Mr. Harry Thompson, a Scottish artist, who had been for long quartered on French soil, was a close comrade of the artist; while Mr. J. Longstaff, an Australian, now settled in London, was ever a warm friend of his.

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SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

WILL PETERS
The Norwegian Painter.
Sketched from life
at Newlyn

JAMES ORROCK, R.I.

DICK CORBOULD

WILLIAM CADBY.

TO MY FRIEND WIDHOPFF.

L. RAVEN HILL.

FRANK BRANGWYN

W. N. P. NICHOLSON

"Do you want a Muddle, Sir."

First R.A. (*who hates to be interrupted in his hobby, but is doing his best to be polite*).—"Done any work to-day?"

Second R.A.—"No, confound it. That stupid ass Brown, came to the studio and talked all the afternoon,—couldn't do a stroke of work. What do you do when some idiot comes and interrupts your work?"

First R.A.—"Oh, I go on weeding."

IN THE BARS AND STREETS

GROUP IV.

IT may be doubted whether PHIL MAY was ever more at home than in the studies and sketches grouped under this heading. The worst state of the Bacchanalian is relieved from severe revulsion by the humour that speaks in every line of pen and pencil. In "(Hic) Jacet" the wit of the legend, combined with the cheerful contentedness in the collapsed one's face, ensures the laughter that discounts the unpleasantness of the theme. A very wayward lamp-post in the "Result of the Cup" again rescues the situation; and "What Drink brought him to" is superb in witty handling. With an ordinary healthy mind one can laugh heartily also at the insolence of "Give us a Kiss"; and recognize the unmalicious humour that plays on the plight of unfortunate sandwichmen. The quaint wit again of "Wot's 'e done," in which a burly policeman is leading a lost mite to the safety of the watch-house, is sure of hearty appreciation; and the satire of the two ragged tramps, quoting a dictum on the art of being well dressed from a fashion paper, needs little emphasising.

Dirty Girty.—"I don't believe in this 'ere Mixed Bathin'."
Weary Willie.—"So don't I."

Saturday Night.

"Come and 'ave a Cup of Tea, Mrs. Malony, it's the 'anniversary of my Weddin' Day. I'm sorry my old man won't be there, 'cos 'e's just got a Month for knocking me about."

Fraternity.
"(Hic) Can't help you, old f'la, but I'll sit down with you (hic)."

"Mos' 'tronary thing! a'most shertain th'was shome Coffee in it."

Street Singers.
Chorus.—"Ow it wos Gay, Night an' Day,
Fair an' Stormy Weather."

Drunken Tramp.—"'Scuse me, miss, but 'ave yer got such a thing as a copper about yer?"

Old Lady (who has a great aversion to intemperance).—"No, certainly not!"

Drunken Tramp.—*(hic)*—"Sheems ter me we're both in the shame condition."

"If I wos you I would'nt 'ave nothing to do with Mrs. Smith; I think she ain't respectable."

IT 'MUST HAVE BEEN AWFUL.

Mrs. Baggs (after receiving tornado of abuse from over the road.—"WELL, I NEVER 'EARD SICH LANGWIDGE IN ALL MY LIFE. I NEVER WAS CALLED SICH NAMES BEFORE. EVEN MY OWN 'USBAND DOESN'T CALL ME SICH NAMES."

"Put 'em up."

Thoughtless of Her.

"If you was 'arf a man you'd offer to carry some of these Bundles."

"Ow can I with my 'ands in my pockets?"

"By the way, when does your American Tour come off?"

"Oh, not for about a Year."

"Well, let's go in here and have a Drink before you go."

"Spare a Copper, Sir; I've a Starving Wife and Family at Home, Sir."

Weary Willy (seating himself beside nervous Miss Jones).—Will yer lend me a nairpin, Lidy, to clean my pipe wiv? I'll give it yer back agin, Lidy, strite!"

Urchin (to companion over the way).—'Ow would *that* suit yer, Bill?"

"Did you go to Smith's burying?"
"Yes, I *did*, an' a measly affair it was. *Tea* and Bread and Butter! I've buried two 'usbands, but, thank goodness, I buried 'em both with Seedy Cake an' 'am Sandwiches."

"I want you to take me to St. John's Wood, Cabbie."
"All right, sir, but would you mind getting in on the other side so as the old horse don't see yer."

"I don't so much mind your sneaking my Pewters, but when it comes to bringing 'em back in the shape of 'arf crowns it's a bit too much."

Salvation Sal (to village toper).—"If thou doesn't mend thy ways, Ben Bosker, thou'll go to a place where there's nowt but weepin' and wailin' and nashin' of teeth.

Ben B.—I shan't have to do any nashin', cos I've nowt to nash."

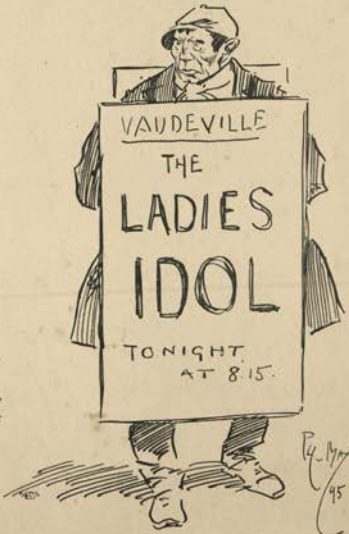
Down in the World.
Alas! See what Drink has brought him to.

"'Scuse me, miss, but can you 'blige me with a *Clowe?* I got er meet er misshus, an' I don't want 'er to notish ellything."

Bill Snooks (reading from a fashion paper).—"'To be really well dressed a man's clothes should have the appearance of having been worn once or twice.' What *O!*"

Benevolent Lady (*distributing tract to inebriate, who has refused to accept one*).—"DO TAKE ONE. IF YOU READ IT, IT WILL DO YOU GOOD."
Drunk (*pulling himself together*).—"MADAM, I WRITES 'EM."

Phrenologist (*to Park Loafer*).—"NOW, YOU'RE FULL O' NERVES, YOU ARE. WHAT YOU WANT IS IRON; YOU MUSN'T DRINK BEER; YOU MUST DRINK BURGUNDY."



"What's 'e done, Guvnor?"

"Got such a thing as a *Clove* about you, pleeshman? Don't want my wife to notish I've been Drinking."

(*hic.*) JACET

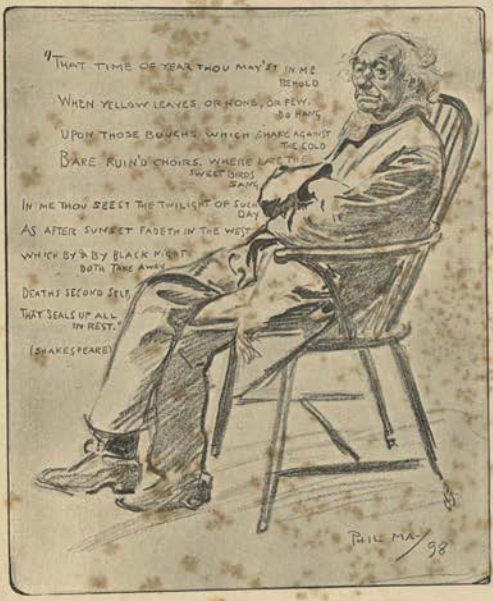
"I NEVER GIVE MONEY AWAY ON THE STREET."
"WELL, THEN, GIVE US A KISS, LYDIE."

Street Singer (in tremulous tones).
"AN' OI TELL THEM THEY NEED NOT COME WOOIN' TER ME."

STUDIES AND SKETCHES

GROUP V.

PERHAPS PHIL MAY's best work, in an artistic sense, is among his character studies and sketches. Here the kindly heart of the man shows itself in irresistable pathos and with accurate fidelity. "A Portrait of her Grandmother" needs no comment on the note of sadness it so cleverly emphasises; and in "Alone" there is a pathetic grandeur which lifts the picture far above the commonplace. The crayon drawing in profile of the young lady, seated, is one of the rare exceptions when a refined type is dealt with, and has all the sublety of grace not usually associated with MAY's drawings. As a matter of fact he could draw equally well any class of subject to which he devoted himself—beautiful women, handsome men, or engaging children. "A Newlyn Type" shows close observation, and can be regarded as a very good drawing. The study of an old man in the vale of years, with appropriate verse in quotation, is a worthy representative of PHIL MAY's best work. The sublime ignorance of the Mayor of Middle Wallop is a happy depiction.


"THAT TIME OF YEAR THOU MAY'ST IN ME BEHOLD
WHEN YELLOW LEAVES, OR NONE, OR FEW, DO HANG
UPON THOSE BOUGHS, WHICH SHAKE AGAINST THE COLD
BARE RUIN'D CHOIRS, WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG.
IN ME THOU SEEST THE TWILIGHT OF SUCH DAY
AS AFTER SUNSET FADETH IN THE WEST
WHICH BY & BY BLACK NIGHT DOTH TAKE AWAY
DEATHS SECOND SELF
THAT SEALS UP ALL IN REST."
(SHAKESPEARE)
PHIL MAY 98

A Portrait of her Grandmother.

A Study.

Alone.

A Confession.

The Mayor of Middle Wallop (who is interested in the decoration of new theatre).—"Oo's That gentleman you're painting?"
Artist.—"That is William Shakespeare."
The M. of M. W.—"'As 'e ever done anything for Middle Wallop?"
Artist.—"No, Sir, not that I'm aware of."
The M. of M. W.—"Then paint 'im out and paint ME in."

Footman (announcing).—"Mr. Tootle, and Mrs. Tootle-*too*.

A Study.

An Old Sport.

The Showman.
An Extinct Type.

"The mind and visage oft are things apart:
A smiling face oft masks a breaking heart."

Bailiff (who has been very well treated and settled with).—"Well, good-bye, sir. See you again 'soon, sir, I 'ope!"

Wanted, a Coachman.
An Applicant.

The Club Fireman.

In Possession.

A Newlyn Type.

A Study.

"Nuts for the Monkeys, Sir?"

A Millionaire.

A Duet.

A Leaf from my Sketch Book.

Extract from interview with a celebrated Burglar—

"The old style of Crib Crackers is all done away with now-a-days. We disguise ourselves as real gents, and o' course nobody suspects hus."

MR. AND MRS. BINKS.

American Million Heiress.—"AND HAVE YOU *really* GOT A CORONET?"

Lord Hardup.—"WELL—AH—YES—AT LEAST—I MEAN—I'VE GOT THE TICKET."

A STUDY.

A Study.

All Hot.

A Newlyn Fishwife.

A Newlyn Fisherman.

A Study.

What our Artist has to endure.

Mr. Kaddle (who has borrowed the Artist's Sketch Book to look through).—"Very clever! Very clever, indeed. Now I wonder if you could make a caricature of *Me*?"

A Study.

Visitor to Lunatic Asylum.—"Is that Clock right?"
The Dotty One.—"O' course it ain't, or it wouldn't be *here*."

Visitor to Lunatic Asylum which is undergoing structural improvements (to harmless lunatic who is extremely busy wheeling barrow upside down).—"You ought to turn that barrow the other way up!"

Harmless Lunatic (knowingly).—"I did yesterday, *but* they put *Bricks* in it."

Dottyville.
Inmate to new arrival.—"What, *you* mad *too*! So glad."

"Oh! smile upon my suit."
"I do, I do. I can't help it."

A Study.

"Yes, or No."

Woman.—"What'll Mrs. Edwards say when she sees dis 'ere Hat?"

A Breton Fishwife.

An American Model.

"Here's a Health unto His Majesty."

Cavalier and Roundhead.

The Latest News from the Front.

109416

Condoling Friend (to recently Bereaved Widower).—"It must be awfully hard to lose one's Wife."
The Bereaved.—"Yes,——it's almost *impossible*."

Wife (*to Lion Tamer who has been out late*).—"You Coward!"

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE GHETTO

GROUP VI.

IT is a mistake to think PHIL MAY had any anti-semitic leanings. As a matter of fact, ruthlessly as he has made the Jewish race the subject of his pictured wit, he really numbered many of his best friends among them. To know PHIL MAY was to know how impossible it was for a nature like his to wilfully hurt a fellow-creature even in joke. The wit of the three pictures, "May I keep the Boat," "The Fire Grenades," and "Not *last* Tuesday, *next Tuesday*," would be difficult to excell among the life's work of any caricaturist, living or dead. The puzzled look of the Hebrew accountant who finds himself "a pound in and a pound out" is delightfully novel. It must be admitted that the artist selected the most pronounced types in this series, and in some even gently accentuated their physical contours.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

Talkative Old Gent.—Do you know, sir, a fortnight ago, in a leading hotel in Berlin, I was hooted because they said I was an Englishman."

German Jew.—"It vas ze same mit me."

Sol Jacobs (to his friend the proprietor of the boat, who has fallen overboard, and has come to the surface for the second time.—"I thay, Ikey, if yer don't come up again may I keep the Boat!"

"What 'ave you got in dem boddles, Jeky?"
"Dem ain't boddles, dem's fire extinguishers."
"Garn, you ain't afraid of a bit of a fire."
"No, but I gets ten per cent. off the insurance company for having dem about."
"What's in 'em?"
"I don't know what vos in 'em, but there's *kerosene* in 'em now!"

"I must congratulate you, Mothes, dot vos a grandt fire of yours last Tuesday."
"Vat yer mean?—not *last* Tuesday, *next* Tuesday."

Proud Father (to Schoolmaster).—"Vell, are you goin' to make a Rabbi of 'im?"

Schoolmaster.—"I'm goin' to make a bloomin' Cripple of him if you don't take him away at once!"

Moses (generously).—"'Ave a Thigar, Ikey?"

Ikey (suspiciously).—"Vat's the matter vith it?"

"Good Morning, Miss Voss."
"My name is not Voss. It never Voss and never will be!"

Saturday till Monday.

Ghetto Ways.

The Monday "Pops."

Solomon (*who has had a terrific bang on the nose from his friend*).—"Do it again. Do it again. I can thee Diamonts!!!"

"Father, I've thwallered a thoverign, and how am I to make the books balance? You thee, I'm a pound in and a pound out."

"TYPES I HAVE MET," AND "THINGS WE SEE WHEN WE COME OUT WITHOUT OUR GUN."

GROUP VII.

IN nearly every case the subjects of the sketches reproduced in this group were well-known characters whom PHIL MAY had met in his travels, treated, of course, from a caricaturist point of view. MAY appears to have first seriously given his attention to this branch of art while on the staff of *The Bulletin* in Sydney, and it will not be difficult for old residents of that city to recognize among the types here dipicted the features of some well-known characters of that period. London afterwards offered a wealth of subjects to the gifted pen that could so skilfully hit off the little weaknesses, or truthfully portray any striking characteristic of the artist's victim. A particularly fine example will be noticed in the sketch of a well-known Bow Street Magistrate—whose acquaintance, in any official capacity, MAY tells us, he had no wish to make; and the study of a London Policeman, whose face will be familiar to many, is another illustration of truthful, yet kindly caricature.

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Waiter—Eccentric Club.

Steward—West-End Club.

A well-known City Policeman.

Bow Street—(People I don't want to meet).

Fleet Street.

In Melbourne.

A well-known French Anarchist.

At Whitby.

In the Strand.

A Turkish Nobleman.
Sketched from Life.

Colombo.

A Sydney Larrikin.

A Sydney Clergyman.

AMONG THE THESPIANS

GROUP VIII.

THOROUGH Bohemian as PHIL MAY was, it may be doubted whether any caricaturist of his time excelled him in intimate and subtle handling of the inside of stage-life. "You hear of these Salaries of Twenty-five and Thirty Shillings a Week, but you never get 'em" is an admirable example, and has more of truth in it than many playgoers realize. The sketches entitled "The Eccentrics" and "In the Marble Halls" call to mind two well-known resorts of latter day Bohemians, and among the *habitués* depicted at this popular West-end Club and equally famous Strand resort many old and familiar faces may be recognized. The great Monday morning gathering of the minor lights of Thespia outside a well-known hostelry south of the Thames will give both music hall and theatre goers an opportunity of identifying past and present favourites on the boards.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

Among the Thespians

Theatrical Lodging House Keeper.—"Yes, I'm glad they've knighted 'Enery Irving. You see, it's a compliment to the perfession which reflec's equal honner on us *hall*."

Old Actor (laying down the law to Journalist).—"And let me tell you that when I speak, I know what I'm talking about, —I've seen the world—Peckham—everywhere!"

Tragedian (disappointed).—"You should see me play 'amlet. Irvin'! Why, I could act 'is bloomin' 'ead off."

First Budding Actor (to Second Ditto).—"Oh yes, you hear about those Salaries of Twenty-five and Thirty Shillings, but you *never get 'em.*"

Theatrical Lodging House Keeper.—"What name did you say, sir? Harlton?"

Actor (about to take apartments).—"No, not Harlton—Arlton."

T. L. K.—Oh, thank goodness I'm spared one Haitch for a time."

The Two Macs.

"In Marble Halls."

On Poverty Point.

THE ECCENTRICS.

"SNEGKY."
IN *The Little Minister*.

STUDY OF MR. VALENTINE.
AS "ROB DOW" IN *The Little Minister*.

Young Actor.—"HULLO! GUV'NOR. DOING ANYTHING?"
Old Stager.—"NO, MY BOY. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'VE DONE NOTHING SINCE POOR MAC DIED!"
Young Actor.—"MAC? WHAT MAC? MACDERMOTT?"
Old Stager.—"NO! *Macready!* YOU BLOOMING MUSHROOM!!"

"TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY!"

LOTTIE.

THEATRICAL APPOINTMENT.
TEN QUID A WEEK.

She.—"DEAR ME; I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE PLAYED IN 'ROMEO AND JULIET.' YOU *are* LOOKING WELL!"
He.—"THINK SO?"

First Actor (*resting*).—"H'm—A Scratch Company."

Dan Leno.

Actor.—"What did you think of my performance of the Ghost?"
Critic.—"It was most life-like."

In a Garrison Town.

First Loafer to Second Ditto (as our friends from the Circus pass by).—"Officers!"

A Rough Sketch in a Chinese Theatre.

STUDIES AND SKETCHES ABROAD

GROUP IX.

THE extent and diversity of the late artist's travels is shown in these twenty three selected drawings which symbolise more or less extremes of the earth's surface. The "Bush Magistrate" picture undoubtedly occurred in essence, and would not be gainsaid by anyone with a knowledge of the manner in which the lighter side of law has been handled occasionally in the past by the honorary magistrate in the Australian back-blocks. The "Paris Fruit Seller" is an excellent and life-like study, as also may be said of the imposing waiter at "Julians." The "Picardy Procession" is more than a fair specimen of PHIL MAY's ability at composition, the grouping being excellent. The Dutch studies are singularly effective. Take as an instance the sitting figure of an old Hollander in crayon. Here the hand might fairly be considered as not unworthy of a Holbein in its beauty of modelling. The insulted Frenchman struggling with indignation and indifferent English combined, after the English bounder's attack, and the Modern Prodigal Son have each their distinctive incentive to mirth.

A PROCESSION IN PICARDY.

L'heure d'absinthe.

A German Professor.

Sketched in Picardy.

THE OCTROI.—*Sketch in Paris.*

SOUVENIER OF HYÈRES.

A Paris Fruit seller.

A Study in Holland.

A Dutch Interior

A Yorkshireman in Paris.
Mr. Watson (thro' Leeds).—"What's this 'ere Polly Burgesses like?"

"Vat 'as been ze mattare? Zey tell me you 'af not 'ad ze good 'ealths"
"I dunno, but I think it must have been brain-fever."

A Pencil Study in a French Café.

A French Poet.

Mrs. Willson-Blobbs (widow of wealthy pork butcher).—"My dear Count, when you come to England, you *must* come and see me at Blobbs Court!"

M. le Count.—"Oh, sank you very much—vat nombare?"

Jocular Briton (leaving French Hotel).—"Well, au reservoir, M'sieu."
Hotel Proprietor.—"Tanks!!"

A Study in Holland.

"You Engleeshe you do not fight ze duel. Vat do you do ven you air insult?"
"Oh, we write to the newspaper."

A Reminiscence of Australia.

Bush Magistrate (to Visiting Magistrates who have had a wild night).—"Look here, Fellers, refure we go on wid this Case, where the devil did ya git to whin oi missed ya last noight?"

John Chinaman in Sydney.

Overheard in Sydney, N.S.W.

"Well, young scapegrace, are you going back home to let your People kill the Fatted Calf?"

"Oh, you don't know my Governor, he's not that sort; he'd more likely kill the bally Prodigal."

English as She is Spik.

Furious Frenchman (to 'Arry, who has just knocked his hat off "for a lark").—"Sacre! Eef I vood know ze Eengleeshe for ze *box*, I vood blow your nose, by dam I am!"

Ostrich Feather Vendor—Aden.

Overheard on an Atlantic Liner.

Colonel Moses R. Hankey.—"There's one thing I kaant understand about your English way of spelling names. For instance, you spell a name B-E-A-U-C-H-A-M-P, and pronounce it CHUMLEY."

WITH THE CHILDREN

GROUP X.

A CHILDLESS man, with the heart of a child, PHIL MAY dearly loved to picture them whether as gutter-snipes, or patricians, and always in a gently-humorous manner. The idea of "Disarmed" is delightfully fresh and funny, while as a contrast of class the boy applying for a job as errand lad is delightful in its depiction of precocious and excited enterprise. "The Jilt," "Carriage Folk," "Flotsam and Jetsam," each have their distinctive characters and merits, but there is not a picture in this Group that has not full claim to its position. Take the sarcasm of the labouring man aroused by a further demand for a few pence on his lad's education; the pipe-stem legs that got their youthful owner "out"—"leg before wicket"; and the street urchin making a god of his stomach, it would appear hard indeed to beat these for whimsical wit.

"GRANDPA, DID'NT YOU TELL ME *Æsop's Fables* WERE WRITTEN THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO?"
"YES, MY DEAR."
"MY WORD! BUT YOU *have* KEPT IT CLEAN!"

"GARN! YOU SHOW'I TELL ME MOTHER, 'COS I 'AVEN'T GOT SUCH A THING."

"Do you know it's very wrong for little boys to smoke tobacco?"

"'Oo are yer callin' a little boy? Besides, it aint terbakker at all, it's a *Cigar!*"

A Large Order.

Little Girl.—"Three penn'orth o' Brandy; an' I want a cork; an' will ye wash the bottle out, 'cos it's 'ad milk in it."

Youngster.—"Father, teacher says I've gotten ter bring a penny wi' me to school termorrer ter buy a slate pencil wi'!"

Parent.—"*Go* it! *Go* it!! That mak's ninepence-a'penny I've spent on yer edication already."

H.M.S. "Furious."

"Now, Tommy; you know that Christopher Columbus made three voyages; tell me, on which one did he die?"

Disarmed.
"Why do you pick those flowers?"
"To give to you."

The Jilt.

Clergyman.—"My Boy, do you know it's wicked to fish on the Sabbath?"
Youngster.—"I isn't fishin'; I'm teachin' this 'ere Worm ter swim."

Joyful News.
"Ow, I sy Billie, Fader says there'll be a Penny off de Income-Tax nex' Year."

Ethel to Maud (discussing their much-hated Stepmother).—"NEVER MIND, WE ONLY HAVE HER IN THE DAY-TIME. THINK OF POOR PA—HE HAS HER ALL NIGHT AS WELL!"

"SAY, BROWN, WILL YOU PLAY CRICKET FOR US TO-MORROW?—WE'RE SHORT OF A *Man!*"

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD BY SYMPATHETIC OLD LADY
"I 'EAR YOUR BILLY 'S DEAD, WHEN ARE YOU GOIN' TER BURY 'IM?"
"WE AINT *goin'* TO BURY 'IM, WE'RE GOIN' TER 'AVE 'IM STUFFED."

Kitty.—"AUNTY, I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT SINCE I LOST MY FRONT TOOF FOR THE DRAUGHT BLOWING DOWN MY FROAT."

THE GAME OF "BUTTONS."
Winner (to the ruined one).—"WELL, DASH IT ALL, OLD MAN, IF YOU *will* GO IN FOR THIS SORT OF THING YOU MUST *expect* TO LOSE A BUTTON OR TWO."

"POOR LITTLE FELLOW. ARE YOU LOST?"
"NO—BOO-HOO. BUT ME MUVVER IS."

Uncle John.—"Well, Bobby, how did you manage to get out so soon?"

Bobby.—"Leg before, Uncle."

Flotsam and Jetsam.

A Fact (*more's the Pity*).

Artist.—Oh, by the Way, have you had your Lunch?"

Little Waif (posing for the first time).—"What's that?"

"You never know your Luck."
"Hi! come back, yer Silly! do yer want to spile yer Luck?"

Maudie.

"My Father 'e once caught a Fish as big—as our Street!"
"Well, then, it must 'ave bin a *Whale*."
"Garn, 'e were baitin' wi' *Whales!*"

"Why don't we have Open-Air Cafés? So pleasant to take one's refreshment in the open air."—*(Vide newspapers.)*

"Do you want a errand boy?"
"No."
"Yus you do, yours 'as just been runned over."

"Do you like them *big* pianners better than the likkle 'Uns, Aurelia?"

"No, 'Dolpaus, they take up too much room; an' besides they don't make any more *Noise* than the little 'Uns!"

"What sort of Bait are you using, Billie?"
"A Bit of Cheese Rind."
"What are you trying to catch—Mice?

"Now, boy, where does Port wine come from?"
"From the Public-'ouse.

Fido.
"Which is 'is 'ead and which is 'is tail, Billie?"
"I dunno. Pinch 'im an' see which end of 'im Barks."

"Did yer Father cotch ony Fish?"
"Yes."
"Was they Biggins?"
"They was bigger than the little 'Uns."
"How big was the little 'Uns?"
"They were none so big."

BANK HOLIDAY.
"JUST LIKE 'ER. BEEN AN' COPIED MY 'AT!"

"DON'T 'E MAKE A GAWD OF 'IS STUMMICK? WHY, THAT'S THE *second* 'A'PORTH I'VE SEED 'IM 'AVE THIS MORNIN'!"

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PENCIL DRAWING.
Kindly lent by Mr. W. J. Payne.

CARRIAGE FOLK?

BY THE SEA.

GROUP XI.

"A BIT OF NEWLYN" reminds one irresistibly of the landscape drawing supplied as models to students, and might, with enlargement, well be utilized for that purpose. It was but rarely that the artist dropped into land or sea-scape, but these samples serve to show that anything to which he chose to turn his pen or pencil he could excel in. Types like the "Dandies of Deal" can be met in plenty at our minor seaside resorts; and the "New Seaside Tenor" is redolent of the actuality of humor. In the last named PHIL MAY's habit of introducing an extra touch of humour in the setting of a subject is evidenced in the "Extra Exit" notice.

The New Seaside Tenor.

A Bit of Newlyn.

"'Tain't so long ago, Willium, since you an' me was the dandies of Deal!"

Souvenir of Scarborough.

Souvenir of Scarborough.

"You Naughty Boy, you'll fall over!"

Study for a Back Ground at Newlyn.

Sarcastic.

Amateur Fisherman.—"Are there any Fish to be caught here, my Man?"

Boatman.—"No, Zur; You caught 'em all the last Time as You was here!"

A Real Grievance.

Visitor.—"How's business?"

Boatman.—"Business! Why there aint no business since these 'ere blessed bicycles come inter fashion. Why, they comes down 'ere, takes our fresh air as we're celebrated for, and pumps it inter their blooming wheels and takes it away with 'em!"

Scene—Scarboro'. Time—Sunday morning. Very muddy.

Inhabitant.—"Be thoo a *strong* mon?"

Amateur weight-lifter (*rather proud that his fame has spread so far*).—"Well, yes, my friend. I do a little in that way."

Inhabitant.—"I'll lay thee a fiver, I'll put thee on thy back in t' muck."

ON THE COUNTRY SIDE

GROUP XII.

"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE" is an aged type that is not infrequently met with in small villages; and most of the models for this Group appear to have been found far from the railway. "Laad Garge" is another such type. The man who championed a non-existent sister on a point of principle represents a type that one occasionally meets; while the lugubriously "Cheerful Old Party" remarking on the graveyard is likewise easily understandable by the limits of topics of conversation for the aged female villager, and yet withall the overpowering desire to "say something." A Cambridge aged villager is impressive in its accuracy of conception. The "little bird" that must have been a lyre bird, and the tramp who could find nothing to do but work—which he did not want—are well executed sketches, if the ideas conveyed are not altogether original.

The Squire's Daughter.—"JERRY, A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME YOU HAD TOO MUCH DRINK YESTERDAY!"

Jerry.—"WELL, MY LADY, IT MUST HA' BIN ONE O' THEM LIAR BIRDS AS MASTER GEORGE BROUGHT HOME FROM AUSTRALIA."

Cheerful Old Party to the Vicar.—"TH' NEW GRAVEYARD 'S FILLIN' UP *nicely*, SIR!"

On the Country Side

Farmer.—"This rain'll do a power o' good."
Ironmonger.—"Aye, but it'll spoil t' sale o' waterin' cans."

"Well, how's your Husband, Mrs. Snookson?"
"O! 'E's very Bad, Poor Dear. 'E's such a Martyr to Delirium Tremins."

Lodging-House Keeper (to Professional Lady).—"Which my 'usband, Miss, is one of the Virgins at the Cathedral!"

"My laad Garge 'as bin feaghtin' t' Booers. If 'e only whopped 'em like 'e did 'is Old Woman, 'ed mak't'em sit up, I tell ye."

An Old Herdsman, Cambridge.

A Woman of no Importance.

"I heard as how you've been fighting with Bob Smith?"
"Yus. He said my Sister was cross-eyed."
"But You haven't got a Sister?"
"I know that. It was the Principle o' the thing that upset Me."

Overheard on a Cab Rank.
"'Ave yer seen anything of Whattyercallim?"
"Who? d'ye mean Whatsisname?"
"O no, not *'Im*—that ere tother."
"O, ah—I seed *'Im* fast enough!"

Thirsty Pedestrian.—"Is there a 'Pub' in this Village?"
Ancient Villager.—"Noa! but there be a Poomp!"

"What! Drunk, again, Mick?"
"Well, I've just had a Toothful, yer Honour."
"I think We shall have to get that Tooth stopped."

Stout Party.—And can't I get to X—— without walking?"
Porter.—Well, there's the Coal Train, Mum."
Stout Party.—"How Much will it cost Me?"
Porter.—Seven Shillings a Ton!"

A Country Squire.

"'Ow much for the Moke, Billie?"
"I didn't know as yer Muvver could afford to keep Two of Yer."

On the Country Side

"Poor Man! and can't you find anthing to do?"
"Nothing but *Work*, Lidy."

"Have You got Change for a Threepenny-piece, Adolphus? I want to give the Porter a Gratuity."

SPORTING SKETCHES.

GROUP XIII.

COMING from a sporting county, PHIL MAY always showed a keen appreciation—though not an altogether active one—in every class of outdoor pastime. It is not recorded that he ever played cricket or football; but anything in which the horse bore an entertaining part—as an expert rider, and partial to appearing in the habiliments usually associated with the turf—his predilection for the racecourse, and the company of its many diverse *habitués*, was a marked one. Peers, bookmakers, owners, trainers and jockeys are depicted in this Group. The hero of a famous *coup*, the late Captain Machell, looks life-like. Lord Hartington—the Duke of Devonshire, as he appeared in the "Paddock" eleven years back—is shown in a clever and exceedingly faithful grouping. Old "Pelican Club" members will recognise themselves and friends around the square "ring": the Duke of Beaufort—sitting on the immediate right—and the bearded face of Sir John Astley are readily recognized. A racing gentleman, who long occupied a prominent position as a deputy-owner, in the person of Lord Alington, appears twice—in the paddock scene and singly. Fond and proud of his prowess as a whip, "Swish" Broadwood rarely appeared on the course except holding the reins of a four-in-hand; and "Swish" was considered a very appropriate nickname for him. "Sir Affable" is a striking portrait of Mr. "Alex" Knowles, even to the characteristic hat; and "Chippy" Norton, calling the odds, is to the man and manner born. Another well-known bookmaker, Mr. "Joe" Thompson, the "Leviathan," though alive to-day shows, to some extent, the march of time since his picture was penned by the artist; and changes have come over "Sammy" Loates.

A Paddock Scene.

The Lang Un.—"I think I shall go an' see my 'Osses To-Morrow."
The Short Un.—"Yes? Where do You keep 'Em—Attenborough's?"

A Reminiscence of the Pelican.

Lord Alington.

"Hullo, old chap, you look as if you'd had Sport! In at the Kill?"

"Well, no. I was in at the Ditch and in at the River. We can't expect to be in everywhere."

THE DANGERS OF BETTING.

"YES, SIR; THEY'RE VERY STRICT 'ERE, SIR. WHY, IF WE SCRATCHES A CUSTOMER WE'RE FINED THREEPENCE, AND IF WE *cuts* ONE WE'RE FINED SIXPENCE. BUT I DON'T CARE A D—N TO-DAY, SIR; I'VE JUST WON A SOVEREIGN!"

SIR AFFABLE.

ARTHUR COVENTRY.

MATT. DAWSON.

"SWISH"

Chippy Norton.

Joe Thompson.

Mr. Tattersall.

Sammy Loates.

IRISH AND SCOTTISH

GROUP XIV.

THE Irish blood in PHIL MAY's veins showed itself in his treatment of the peasant and the priest in the Green Isle itself. There is no certainty that he ever was more than an occasional visitor to that country, but PHIL MAY never required more than a glimpse at his subject to faithfully depict him. He had the powers of a Kipling for instantaneous observation, and though strange to a country or district, could immediatly hit upon its peoples' salient distinctions. "Home Rule," though not an over-flattering type, it cannot be denied, is mercilessly correct; while the humour of "Mick" who has fallen downstairs is appropriately Irish. "The Scotsman in Chicago," and "Macdougal" display the brother-celt's type of humour, and are unmistakably Scottish. The Irish retort to the well-meant warning of the *padre* that if he enter the inn the devil would go in with him is exhilarating in the extreme.

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Mrs. Murphy.—"Shure it's goin' to be a moighty hard Winter, Father dear; there'll be a moighty lot av [us owld Folks Nipped in the Bud, oi'm thinking."

Tourist.—I say, Pat, why do you always take Beer and Whiskey mixed?"

Pat.—"Shure, yer Anner, if Oi dhrink Beer Oi get full before Oi'm dhrunk, and if Oi dhrink Whiskey Oi get dhrunk before Oi'm full, so it shutes me better to mix thim."

Priest.—And how many Whiskeys do you Drink in an Hour, Pat?"

Pat.—Sometoimes Wan; sometoimes Two; but never less than Three, your Riverince."

"Shure, poor Mick had an illigant Funiral; it would have been a proud day for him if he'd lived to see it."

"Ye're not goin' into that public house, are ye, Tim?"
"Shure, oi am, yer Riverince."
"Then, do ye know the Divel is goin' in wid ye."
"Faith, thin, he'll have to pay for his own Dhrink, for oi've only got the price of wan."

"So poor old Mike Committed Suicide."
"Yes."
"That was the *last* thing I thought he'd do."
"Which it were, sorr."

Voice from Above.—"Whist, Mick! Are yer for faalen down Shtairs?"
Mick.—"Ut's arl roight, Oi was comin' down, anyhow!"

"Shure, if oi was as big as Ye'self Oid woipe the Flure wid Yez, little as Oi am!"

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.
McPherson.—"FOUR DOLLARS FOR A BED! THE EXTRAVAGANCE. I CANNA SLEEP FOR THINKING O'T."

Parson (to Mr. Macdougal).—"I WANT TO SEE MR. THOMPSON, PLEASE."
Macdougal (who was not on the best of terms with his partner lately deceased).—"AWEEL, YE MAUN GANG TAE HEIL."

Father O'Flynn.—"PAT, YOU'RE DHRUNK AGAIN."
Pat.—"OI'M NOT, YER RIVERINCE."
Father O'Flynn.—"YIS YE ARE, PAT; AN' IF YE WERE NOT, YOU WOULD'NT DENY IT."

"Eh, Meenester, what 'ud the Congregation think if I wos to tell them I saw You in this Condeeshun?"
"Mon" *(hic)*. "They'd no believe ye."

Minister.—Hoo is't, Sandy, I never see You at the Kirk, the noo?"
Sandy.—"I canna stand your long Sermons."
Minister.—"Ah, weel! Ye'll be goin' to a Place where ther'll be no Sermons at all, neither Lang nor Short."
Sandy.—"It'll nay be for the Want o' Meenisters, then!"

Phil May

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